

## The Times' Daily Short Story.

## A Practical Joke.

When the stagecoach developed into the railroad train the road agent developed into the train robber. But, while the road agent had various methods of plying his vocation, the train robber often captures a fortune.

I was once joggling along in an old fashioned stagecoach, nine inside and four outside. I was an insider. There had been no robberies on that line for a long while, and we thought very little about such danger. But there was a facetious young man inside—he had just escaped from an eastern college—who thought it a pleasant pastime to frighten the women. He rattled on about road agents and how they worked till every woman aboard and some of the men became very uneasy. There was a middle aged man in the stage—he looked like a farmer—who finally undertook to head off the youngster.

"Nobody needn't be skeered in this stage a' long 's I'm on it," he said. "I've got a weapon, and I know how to use it. Besides, there ain't no road agents on this line, anyhow."

"What'd you do if one of 'em came down on us?" asked the collegian.

"There ain't none comin' down, but if they do I'll give 'em cold lead. My name's Leadbeater," and he laughed at his pun.

Not long after that the youngster climbed out of the window on to the top of the coach—to smoke a cigar, he said—and joined the outsiders. He told them about the bonafide man inside and said it would be a good joke to get up a mock robbery to see how the fellow would act. Having got his mind on it, he couldn't get it off and began to devise methods for carrying out his suggestion. The others tried to dissuade him, saying that Mr. Leadbeater might be as good as his word, and somebody might get hurt. But "Johnny," as they called him, every moment became more and more infatuated with his proposed prank and said he would make Mr. Leadbeater throw up his hands before he could get hold of his "weapon." No one seemed disposed to join him, so he said he would do the job alone. All on top promised to remain passive and wished him success.

Johnny got down from his perch, jumped up on the coach step with his face at the window, where Mr. Leadbeater was sitting, and, putting a revolver within an inch of the man's nose, ordered him to throw up his hands. Mr. Leadbeater lost no time in doing so, and Johnny opened the door, saying:

"You Black Bill, I am, and I want you people out here. Come out, every one of you."

Mr. Leadbeater was the first out.

Johnny rolling him of his revolver as he stepped down into the road. Johnny banded out the women gallantly, winking and making explanatory faces at both men and women. Those on top got down, and Johnny, flourishing his revolver, scarcely able to keep a straight face for merriment, in stentorian tones ordered all to line up alongside the road, which they did obediently. The pretended road agent went through Mr. Leadbeater first, relieving him of \$3.75, all the funds he had about him. Johnny rubbed his revolver under the victim's nose and rated him soundly for having no more.

"You white livered son of a gun," said Johnny, "what d'you mean by tryin' to satisfy Black Bill with such chicken feed as that! Just look at him, gentlemen and ladies. He's the man who was going to protect you from road agents. No wonder he wasn't afraid, with nothing to lose. However, he's the man I was expecting to make a big haul from, and so long as he hasn't got anything worth having I'll let the whole gang off."

"And now, Mr. Leadbeater," he went on, "I want to say to you that this is a huge joke—a practical joke. You mustn't expect too much from a man just out of college, for we fellows play lots of pranks on each other and are expected to take them good naturedly. I only wanted to prove to you that modesty is the best policy, and it doesn't do to brag too much about what you're going to do beforehand. You mustn't talk hard of me. It's only a bit of pleasantry."

Lowering his revolver, he walked up to Mr. Leadbeater, who had looked all the while as though he expected to be murdered, and put out his hand. Leadbeater took it with his left and with his right wrenched Johnny's revolver from his other hand. Then he flung him backward and, drawing another revolver from his belt, leveled one at Johnny and the other at the line of passengers.

"I don't think hard of you at all, younker," he said, "seem' you're taken the trouble to do a lot of work for me, gittin' out these people and thim' 'em up. I'll trouble you for the check you've got in your pocket you was goin' to buy a ranch with. Git it out quick!"

His tone and manner left no doubt that he was in earnest, and Johnny quickly produced a check for \$5,000, even amount. The robber handed him a stylographic pen and told him to put his name on the back of it, which Johnny did. Then Leadbeater said:

"Gents and ladies, I've been layin' for this young man ever since we left town. Seem' the joke's turned out so well for me, I'll let you all off from your small change and trinkets. Just stand where you are a few minutes."

Unlocking one of the leaders, he mounted him, shot all the rest of the horses, then rode off shouting:

"Goodby, Johnny. Better go back to college and learn some more jokes."

NELSON MAXWELL.

## Words of Praise.

For the several ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed, as given by leaders in all the several schools of medicine, should have far more weight than any amount of non-professional testimonials. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has the honor of being on every bottle wrapper in a full list of all its ingredients printed in plain English.

If you are an invalid woman and suffer from frequent headache, backache, gnawing distress in stomach, periodical pains, disordered catarrhs, pelvic drain, dragging down distress in lower abdomen or pelvis, perhaps dark spots or specks dancing before the eyes, faint spells and kindred symptoms caused by female weakness, or other derangement of the feminine organs, you can not do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The highest surgeon's knife and operating table may be avoided by the timely use of "Favorite Prescription" in such cases. Thereby the obnoxious examinations and local treatments of the family physician can be avoided and a thorough course of successful treatment carried out in the privacy of the home. "Favorite Prescription" is composed of the very best native medicinal roots known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments, contains no alcohol and no harmful or habit-forming drugs.

Do not expect too much from "Favorite Prescription"; it will not perform miracles; it will not dissolve liver and tumors. No medicine will. It will do as much to establish vigorous health in most weaknesses and ailments peculiarly incident to women as any medicine can. It must be given a fair chance by perseverance in its use for a reasonable length of time.

You can't afford to take a secret remedy as a substitute for this remedy of known composition.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is guarded as sacredly secret, and womanly confidences are protected by professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the best laxative and regulator of the bowels. They invigorate stomach, liver and bowels, and cleanse the system of all three a cathartic. Easy to take as candy.

## "ONLY MAN THERE" WINS WIFE QUICKLY.

Just a Simple Vacation Romance Coming Out of the Catskills.

New York, June 29.—It was vacation time. She was in the Catskills, always in a romantic place, and he the only man at the resort. So to record that they eloped and were married doesn't seem so remarkable.

The young woman was Miss Lelia D. Lennon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence L. Lennon of 41 Ashland avenue, West Orange, and "the only man at the resort" was Francis H. Wilson of Prospect Heights, Brooklyn.

The parents of the bride learned of the marriage when the marriage certificate came through the mails. They thought the certificate was a joke at first, but the news was confirmed.

Miss Lennon left West Orange on May 30, intending to spend the summer with a married sister at Purling. Last Tuesday the couple left their boarding places ostensibly for a walk in the hills. Really they went to Troy on the first train and were married by a city justice.

## WHAT TO WEAR.

New Dress Shield—Silk Coat and Sash Worn With Muslin.

A new dress shield for wearing with thin dresses and shirt waists is trimmed with Valenciennes lace. It greatly improves their appearance.

Navy blue is more in favor than it was at the beginning of the season, especially mixed with crude green and marigold. And as a relief from the ubiquitous brown there is a medium tint of rather yellowish green known as "filled," which is seen in many of the summer silks.

One can buy stamped little bows of white material that are so much the fashion now at very inexpensive prices. Pompadour silks make charming evening gowns under transparent overskirts of point d'esprit, net or spangled tulle.

The silk coat and matching sash promise to be a feature of the late season.



GIRL'S LIVEN FROCK.—5087.

summer modes. The idea is very pretty and lends itself to many attractive variations. One or two sets of the sort will, if one's wardrobe is well selected, go with almost any gown, and they will lend an air of style and up to dateness to the simplest and least pretentious frock.

For indoor gowns or elaborate tea gowns the broken or primitive Greek key pattern is much used as a trimming.

The simple linen dress seen in the picture is a most desirable frock for a little girl. The trimming is of embroidery, with frills of linen lawn. The shield is of fancy ticking.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

A Historic Cradle. The cradle of John Quincy Adams is preserved in the museum in Boston and is of the type common at the time Adams was born. It has a wooden box with rollers and hood of the same material, gilded with decoration of any sort.

## 10 BUFFALOES STAND GUARD.

Over Little Four-months Old Baby Girl

## POLICE HUNT FOR MOTHER.

Child Lowered in Animal Pen at Bronx Park—Big Beasts Parade By in Wonder at Strange Object.

New York, June 29.—Ten big buffaloes in Bronx park stood guard over a baby four months old which had been left in the four-acre enclosure. The buffaloes stood all in a line and sniffed the air and wagged their heads, but they did not go nearer than within a few feet of the child, for in an adjoining enclosure the biggest buffalo of them all, Rocco, leader of the herd, belched with jealousy and rage at the counter attraction.

Harry Reinmeisen, keeper of the buffaloes, noticed the animals falling into line, as though in review, and stalking slowly and solemnly around a particular spot near the fence. Reinmeisen went to see what it was all about. Soon he came near enough to see something white lying on the ground, and when he got up to it he found the baby lying on the ground in a nightdress. The child lay near the watering trough, a few feet from the fence, and it was evident that it had been left carefully down from the open roof overhead into the range enclosure.

Driving away the buffaloes, Reinmeisen picked up the baby and sent for a physician. Dr. Nickelshoup responded from the Fordham hospital and took the child, a girl, back with him.

At the Fordham hospital, when the matron undressed the child to bathe it, she found the hospital mark on its clothing, and at once recognized the infant as Marie Casbrae, the daughter of Agnes Casbrae, an Austrian, who gave birth to the infant at the hospital on June 12. The police are looking for the mother.

It was some time before Keeper Reinmeisen could rid the range of Rocco. He continued believing for more than an hour after the baby had been taken out of the enclosure.

## RIS TO MARRY HIS SECRETARY.

Philanthropist and Author Now at Home of Girl Near Boston.

Boston, June 29.—Jacob A. Riis, philanthropist, sociologist, author, whom President Roosevelt has called New York's most useful citizen, is about to take a second wife.

Mr. Riis, a Boston girl, who has been Mr. Riis' stenographer and secretary as well as literary helper, for several years, will become his wife. Mrs. Riis is nearly 60. Miss Phillips is 25. Mrs. Riis died in May, 1903.

Mr. Riis is now in Ipswich with his family staying at the summer home of the latter's father, M. B. Phillips, on the crest of Heartbreak hill.

Yesterday both Miss Phillips and Mr. Riis admitted the engagement, and said that the wedding will be late in August. The ceremony will be performed either at the Phillips summer home or at one of the Ipswich churches. Mr. Riis will take his bride with him to Richmond Hill, L. I., where many of the happiest years of his life have been spent.

"I shall continue in the future as in the past," Miss Phillips said yesterday, "to help Mr. Riis in his work."

When a reporter asked Mr. Phillips yesterday about the engagement of his daughter, he denied that she was betrothed and called in the young woman to speak for herself. She finally admitted that she was to marry Mr. Riis, although she had not been willing to have the announcement made at this time.

## URGE SIMPLE DIET FOR ENGLISH RICH.

Great Doctors Scorn 214 Kinds of Soup and 535 Kinds of Chicken.

London, June 29.—A gathering of great doctors urged upon a fashionably dressed audience at the Mansion House the advisability of a simple diet for rich and poor alike. The speaker, Dr. Williams, the 214 existing different kinds of soup and 535 ways of dressing chicken were referred to scornfully, while in the case of the poor their unintentionally extravagant choice of improper food was exemplified by showing that they sometimes spent seven pence for food the equivalent of which could be bought for four pence.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, whose authority is great in almost every branch of pathology and hygiene, maintained that wage-earners spent far too much for food. Of the millions who were on the verge of starvation, many were so because they did not make the best out of their resources.

He deplored the disease of oatmeal in England, asserting that a small plate of porridge was equal in preteid value to two thick slices of a four-pound loaf.

## NOT SO MANY GOING TO CANADA.

Immigration From the United States Shows Decrease From Last Year.

Ottawa, June 29.—Dominion government reports published yesterday show that immigration from the United States to Canada is still heavy, but not so heavy as a year ago. In April, the official figures of which are to hand, the influx of people into Canada was 44,001 as compared with 52,217 in April last. The immigration from the United States shows a falling off of 2,743, the figures being 9,613 for April of this year and 12,356 for April, 1900. For the ten months ended April 30 the total immigration was 168,718, as against 124,001 for the same period of last year, an increase of 44,697. For the calendar year 1905 the number of newcomers who took the oath of allegiance was 6,602. Last year the total number of citizens was 10,242. These included subjects of practically every monarch under the sun. No less than 238 of the new arrivals from the United States took the oath of allegiance just as soon as the law allowed, being an increase of 600 over the previous year.

## NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE



## WHAT HERPICIDE DOES

Newbro's Herpicide destroys the tiny vegetable growth in the scalp that causes dandruff, itching scalp, falling hair and baldness. Once this microscopic enemy of the hair is destroyed and kept out of the scalp, the hair is bound to grow as nature intended, except in cases of chronic baldness.

## WHAT SUNLIGHT DOES

Sunlight is nature's germ destroyer and prophylactic. The effect of sunlight upon the scalp proves highly beneficial, if a complete plan of scalp cleanliness is carried out. This cannot be carried on without the use of Herpicide, which prevents reinfection and keeps the scalp pure and wholesome.

More men and women have gotten positive results from the use of Newbro's Herpicide than from all other hair remedies combined.

## HOT WEATHER TROUBLES

The perspiration that exudes in increased quantities during the summer months carries out poisonous and refuse matter that would otherwise clog up the pores of the scalp.

Incomplete elimination of this waste produces a hot and feverish condition of the sweat glands known as Prickly Heat, for which Herpicide gives immediate relief. Herpicide stops itching of the scalp almost instantly.

Col. Thomp Burton, Member of the Board of Managers of the Ohio Penitentiary, writes as follows of Newbro's Herpicide:

"As to Herpicide I find it an excellent hair dressing as well as being the first and only absolute dandruff cure I have found. Upon my advice a number of my friends are using Herpicide, and the unanimous verdict is that Herpicide is, in all respects, everything that its manufacturers claim for it."

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act June 30, 1904. Serial No. 915.

TWO SIZES: 50c and \$1.00—SOLD AT DRUG STORES.

Send 10c in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Dept. L., Detroit, Mich. INSIST UPON HERPICIDE. SEE WINDOW DISPLAY SPECIAL AGENT. APPLICATIONS AT PROMINENT BARBER SHOPS.

## STOLYPIN IN FULL CONTROL.

Reactionaries Forced Out of the Cabinet

## CONTROLLER OF EMPIRE

Has Already Resigned—He Was Leader of the Reactionary Ring of the Cabinet in All the Late Movements.

St. Petersburg, June 29.—The emperor has accepted the resignation of Count Witte, controller of the empire and leader of the reactionary wing of the cabinet in campaign for the dissolution of the Duma. The retirement of Count Witte marks the culmination of Premier Stolypin's projected struggle for the control of his own ministry. Prior to the dissolution of the Duma the premier thrice demanded the resignation of the controller on account of his constant intrigues against M. Stolypin's policy of toleration to the Duma, but the minister's position was so strong at court that the premier was unable to prevail. M. Stolypin's ascent to the dissolution of the Duma deprived the controller of his exclusive influence and led finally to the presentation of his resignation and its acceptance by his majesty.

M. von Schwabach was noted as one of the bitterest enemies of Count Witte and is believed to have inspired the press campaign conducted against him abroad. He was a member of three cabinets. He succeeded M. Yermoloff as minister of agriculture in 1905, holding that portfolio until the accession of Count Witte in October, 1906. When Witte fell, before the convocation of the first Duma, Premier Goremykin offered M. von Schwabach the controllership, which he retained after M. Goremykin's retirement. Since the elections of the second Duma he has constantly taken the position that no Duma elected by the people could work in harmony with the government, and that it was necessary to proclaim a new election law on an extremely restricted basis. M. von Schwabach, who has spent his entire life in state service, is unlikely ever to return to an influential position. It is understood that his retirement will be followed by the resignations of other reactionary ministers.

## A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

Dr. T. Felix Goursaud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.



Goursaud's Oriental Cream is the best for the face and skin. It is a true skin beautifier and is used by the highest society in the United States, Canada and Europe. S. D. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

## The Scrap Book

The Odd Pair of Boots.

"Wh, John, what a stupid action this is," said a captain of the horse to his servant. "You have brought me a pair of boots that do not match. One has a high top and the other a low one."

"I have been wondering about that this, and I don't understand it," said the man, "but the most curious part of it is that on the shoe box stands another pair just like this one."

## IS IT TRUE?

Is it true, O Christ in heaven, That the highest suffer most? That the strongest wander farthest And more hopelessly are lost? That the mark of rank in nature Is capacity for pain? And the anguish of the singer Makes the sweetness of the strain?

Is it true, O Christ in heaven, That whichever way we go Walls of darkness must surround us, Things we would but cannot know? That the infinite must bound us Like a temple veil unrent, Whilst the finite ever wears So that none's therein content?

Is it true, O Christ in heaven, That the fullness yet to come Is so glorious and so perfect, That to know would strike us dumb? That if even for a moment We could pierce beyond the sky With these poor, dim eyes of mortals We should just see God and die?

## Generous.

"Tommy, did you give your brother the best part of the apple, as I told you to?"

Tommy—Yesum; I gave him the seeds. He can plant 'em and have a whole orchard—Ladies' Home Journal.

## As Children See Things.

A Canadian school principal, Miss Angas Cameron, in the Century tells of a boy who wrote:

"When a gentleman walks with a lady on the public street, no gentleman walks inside the lady."

To the question, "What is dew?" another child answered: "The earth revolves on its own axis 365 times in twenty-four hours. This rapid motion through space causes its sides to perspire; this is called dew."

In a geography class I asked: "Tom, your father is a sailor. Would it be possible for him to start today to go round the world and keep on sailing always in the same direction till he came back to his starting point?"

"No, Miss Cameron."

"Why?"

"He's in jail."

It was a little girl whose imagination took the bit in its teeth with this audacious run across country: "Elizabeth is well known in literature. She patronized Shakespeare and encouraged Sidney. She was dearly fond of lawns and horses and bounds, chivalry and cavalry and other animals of the chase. In glory and honor and majesty we see her strut in her German garden. Raleigh sat his cloak for her, but Elizabeth fondly died a maiden queen."

Home, Sweet Home. The wife of a naval officer attached to the academy at Annapolis has in her employ an Irish servant who re-

cently gave evidence of homesickness. "You ought to be contented and not pine for your old home, Bridget," said the lady of the house. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, every one is kind to you, and you have lots of friends here."

"Ye, mum," said Bridget; "but it's not the place where I be that makes me homesick; it is the place where I don't be."—Lippincott's.

## The Pride of a Governor.

"Out in my state," says a Missouri congressman, "we used to have a governor by the name of Stewart. This was way back when I was a boy. They tell how Stewart, among others, was once entertaining the Prince of Wales on the occasion many years ago when he visited this country. They gave a great ball in St. Louis in the prince's honor. Stewart came down from Jefferson City to do credit to it. He and the prince were stationed on a little platform raised for them at one side of the ball. So stationed the beauty and brilliancy and the blue blood of St. Louis swept them in, dazzling review. The spectacle elevated Stewart's feelings several notches. His bosom swelled. Finally in a tremendous impulse born of glow and glory, he administered a mighty slap to the royal back and exclaimed:

"Prince, don't you wish you were governor of Missouri?"

## Courageous For His Wife.

A farmer went into the office of a Biddeford (Me.) dentist the other day and inquired what the charge was for pulling a tooth.

"Twenty-five cents without gas and fifty cents if you take gas," replied the dentist.

"I don't want any gas," said the farmer.

"I admire your courage," replied the dentist. "Most people want to take gas."

"Oh, it isn't me; it's my wife that's going to have the tooth out," explained the farmer.

## Kentucky Pride.

Two passengers were sitting in a smoking compartment of a train coming the Ohio river at Louisville. "Are you from Indiana, sir?" inquired one.

"Hell, no! I'm a Kentuckian!" he replied indignantly and added after some meditation, "I've been asking that's what's the matter with me."

## When Feet are Tired and Sore

Bathe them with

Glenn's Sulphur Soap and lukewarm water, just before retiring. The relief is immediate, grateful and comforting. Sold by druggists. Always ask for

## Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye black or Brown, 50c.

## Help! Help! Help!

Nothing very serious the matter—don't get excited—but your HELP is needed.

Every man, every woman and every child can HELP. This town needs your HELP.

It is a good town, but every good citizen wants to see it become a better town. But unless the good citizens stand by the town, lend a hand, put a shoulder to the wheel or get in front and pull, without balking, there won't be any noticeable progress.

Towns are not Topics. No town "just grows." It's the people in a town and around it who make it grow by feeding it the right sort of diet.

A pig in a poke won't get fat. Nor will a town with its little hidden under a bushel attract attention from outside.

Unless you throw corn into a lean shoot the animal never will become a fat porker. It is just as necessary to feed a town and community with fresh material from the outside world.

It is up to you and each of us to get out and forage for the town. Speak a good word for it. Write a good letter for it. To you the place where you live is the most important place in the world. It is the best place in the world. It is the center of the world. The universe revolves around it.

This being so—and you can't deny it—why not HELP advance the center of the universe? Why not tell your friends and acquaintances elsewhere what they are missing by being away from the real center?

Tell has built up many a town—every town, in fact. Tell can build up this town. You can't talk too much if you talk right.

P. S.—HELP! HELP! HELP!